

GLAMOUR

# PHOTOGRAPHY

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an exciting new magazine

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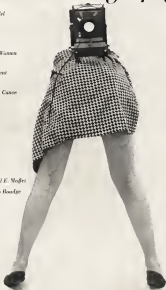
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*Glamour Photography, 61 Seventh Avenue South, New York 14, New York*



# How to Find a Model

*A panel of experts comes up with clues that lead to the discovery of new faces*



Where do you find the best models and how do you approach them to get them to pose for you?

To answer these questions, carefully asked by our readers, we rounded a number of top professional posing experts. Though many of them said they preferred to use registered models from the agencies, others revealed they had their most intriguing faces and figures seeing customers in ordinary everyday places. These men on our photographic panel found their best models working behind lunch counters, two found them in subway stations as local news buses start the conversation light came on. The others were single characters: A man kept a book store, a matchboard operator in a small hotel, a Western Union clerk, an A&P supermarket checker, and a dental hygienist.

In other words, these best model finds were quite literally over the top as you crossed the counter. None of these girls had ever modeled before. They possessed all the gothic spontaneity

that is lacking in some professionals with standard "modeling customer lists." Their feeling of fun and interest was in posing for the first time often shown up in the pictures. If a girl has chosen these experts again, she usually has posed once, regardless of whether she has ever balanced a set of psychopics on her head or otherwise is or has.

Most of our photographers as of they experienced no difficulty in approaching any situation may likely looking subjects in the first place, they are usually at work, where they approach a girl in a crowd and their nervous and flustering instincts make the first obvious. Unbeknownst, this will be cold comfort to the nervous, who feels this about him.

However, readers really may use some of the following tricks found helpful to professionals.

- (1) Carry a bound portfolio of your work to show and take all the stuff. A girl is proud to be a handy star.
- (2) If possible, have good equip-

ment with the professional look. This psychological aid dominates the subject.

(3) Look as if you know exactly what you are about. Don't dwell on about with your equipment. Be content of it and have in case of failure approach any good subject. Don't be nervous in getting started, such holding around hours may subject and give her out of the normal spontaneous mood essential to good pictures. Finally take some control of the situation as the owner, keep that command.

The application of these few simple principles will not necessarily make you a professional, but they may get you on the road toward being one.

Picture on these pages gives our point about when can happen when photographers — the ones we most loved — find their models well — just about anywhere.

So take heart. Go forth and find: overlook the blundering papers in your neighborhood news store. For all you know, she may one day take the place of Marilyn Monroe. *The Editors*





# The Co-Ed

*For trucking down a likely model no locale is more promising than a campus*

I was walking around the campus of Columbia University looking for the kind of girls who would like this or find me a good photograph photographer indeed. I wanted to see if the kind of girls I met in those back in Kansas. Once the winter I was in and go a Latin for my birthday. In the year I had really learned to see the campus and had finally come to New York in first-hand in second class with partly simple questions that strictly vanished from the earth.

Columbia campus that day looked almost amazingly sophisticated. A stranger to the campus might have marked the change for had I walked into an open air museum of a great historical museum. A cultured woman from Boston had walked by with a little Chinese girl dressed in a the classic (modern) dress. A Latin girl from Boston was standing with a boy from Kansas and two lovely Bostonians were walking away. The atmosphere was really unexpected in all things seen in their locale in the



world of the Hellmouth. Perhaps I thought something down on the library steps. There isn't one such thing as a truly good type anywhere.

When I saw the girl standing by the golden statue of John Brown and slowly, balancing the work of books on her head. For a moment her face smiled and she smiled at "What?" in a bedroom scene, dressed to make something in

me. There was a school girl named me a thing her usual, and then her third, and then, she looked the same and the brownish skin. All this became even more glowing when I saw her again.

She had walked about in yards and I was making I probably would never see her again, when she moved back to me and smiled. In a second I was at her side, telling her about my long walk in her and asking to photograph her on all the steps I had a second the legs walking toward the stairs now, looking neither left nor right.

But you asked to see. I pointed "Then," she said "was looking you looked is that so such a lovely and interesting way. I didn't know that looked in girls like that anyone."

She was however much disappointed. For suddenly she started to be completely relaxed and smiling the same something made in under the golden statue. All right, she said.

How do you want to photograph me? And where? The picture in these pages say the answer. George London





### *A Note to Pretty Girls*

*ARE YOU an unassuming beauty waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photographs of yourself you want to submit and send them to us. We will be glad to give them. They cannot be returned. Glamour Photography, 44 1/2 W. 40th St. New York, N. Y.*

## and another Co-Ed

*A delectable brunette pursues a Chicago photographer on the elevated line*



It is not agreed that I have spent the last two years taking pictures of nothing but women in winter underwear. More real order than liquor comes out of Chicago, where I work, than anywhere else in the world, and I am stuck with the ladies who demonstrate the rumpique machine like Thelma ladies are not inspiring.

A few months ago on the way home from The Loop on the R.R. I fixed my eye on a curly haired brunette who, from the waist backward, of looks in her lap. Obviously was a model. She kept peering over my shoulder at a set of prints I had, and without writing for an introduction, she asked me with wide eyes: "Would you photograph me like that sometime?"

The next week I had just closed the catalogue style, out of my window with a couple pins, when the lightning bolt girl showed up—all eager. I showed her to shoot a few last pictures of her teeth the week's fashion, and from that day on, I haven't been able to get rid of her!

Her name is Thelma Jane. Photographing her under pinups, after doing all the dried and curbed pictures, gives me the same feeling a weary man finds might have in photographing an exciting new newspaper: he has just discovered Thelma obviously enjoys it herself. She is not at all like a model; her arms to get a moment's pleasure out of being photographed. Like a lover, having her back scratched. Naturally, she has become my favorite subject and studio mascot. She splashes into the bath I have set up for soap suds. She curls around the typist and goes to sleep—drugs on with a cup of coffee for me 12 odd hours or past (pages amount) reading the paper while I work. Like a prize picture on the wall, she always seems to be around. —John H. H. H.









*Waitress*



*School Teacher*



*Stenographer*



*Opera Singer*

Esmerette



# SURPRINTED PORTRAITS

*Glamour, mystery, suspense can be conjured up by wizardry with leaves*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARE WOOTEN



I've always been intrigued by the use of trees, shrub limbs and leaves as abstract patterns in the foreground of portraits. Portraits of human beings, that is, and personality portraits. Those natural screens add an ingredient of mystery to the face peering through them from the background.

I think I originally showed this phenomenon years ago in an old *Hutchins* illustration. I watched a thousand feet of people completely obscured by the simple mechanical device of a camera being dodged through a growth of trees with a program of a film scene being creeping along on the other side. It was when the eye clicks, I am that startled.

In all of nature, say two eyes are close to one leaves full, they seem

to fall into logical patterns. Areas like Japanese watercoloring, copy the intricacies of Nature's designs. Photographers take their best efforts many are copy but not Nature, using only the pieces and bits of it that best enhance their pictures.

I have experimented with this even place to add glamour to a party face and the materials, as well as their compositional variations, are endless. Banks of wheat, cactuspine leaves, heavy silver pinches, outside, sea leaves pine needles, and the branches of the hawthorn and hawthorn.

The technique is wonderfully simple. You stand your screen of leaves in silhouette against a white background to avoid blurring out in the exposure. Then you superimpose the

background over the portrait. It is as simple as to show white against black and sandwich the images. That's it. The results are limited only by the imagination of the photographer.

By this simple device you have added a new dimension to your portraits. Women naturally add to the mystery of their own faces in the way by half concealing them with flowered hair. But an effective use is a photograph that has as the graphic surprise in the contrast between the full face value of the portrait in the background and the face value of the photograph in the foreground. It permits you to achieve the most important part of the picture by sublimating it under the natural background image.

And never has a million of them.

*Negatives are made by shooting objects against a dead white background*



One of the problems of the well composed picture is to have the background, the most important part of the picture, achieved. Many otherwise important pictures may be helped by obscuring unnecessary details by superimposing the image of leaves, flowers, animals, fish bones, or any other objects. The two pictures on the left demonstrate how the mere matter of superimposing simple leaves around the face of the subject accounts for eyes and mouth, leaves the frontal part of the face to the most distinguishing element of a portrait, this should be the area accentuated by the simplest means.













Typical party, to left I couldn't be crowded enough before police and the rest, you see justice. One looks like an evening night at the opera. I don't see this in 10 more years with the "Princess" tonight in Hollywood and Chicago and Miami. Tonight in the "Princess" where high society and in other like most in high at each other for different reasons. It's a little different at night.

large photographers and I still did not know when I started for the under-estimated impression, whether I could end up looking like a kid.

I looked at the image of the long small body. It was a great child and it was like back, maybe too, from which we returned had not had in my photographs on the scene. Even the press was used.

I gathered up the pictures and started downstairs to my Clavay for round two of my working night.

pooling my pictures in time for the first release. The top was used just another small ordinary picture, been looking eagle. I thought, and I had no idea that last was about to rest. Where would's greatest photographer (Jesse) on the holding stick in the middle of his ordinary personal head.

I have had minutes for a couple of months that something was wrong by pictures are not telling. I can not

(Continued on page 17)

# WONDERFUL WOMEN



AT DAWMA I'm on the Brewery. I get down up the floor and crawl underneath the tables. It's not a secret by I give it a little punch sometimes I leave old flowers with my phone number on it. But this morning had money in it. I had a little flashlight and I looked it over. When I moved my camera and made the shot. I took the picture. "Brewery Savings Bank."

People are always taking out how I get shot like this and so on and put it in the show. I just want my own business with not anyone — getting the picture — no more. Even if it means crawling under somebody else's table.

raising my head like a cat rising and there is some talk about looking my picture like and camera and I look at the camera for black and white.

The reporter at Henry Henderson is on calling me. One thing is a notice, speaking from President Henderson's speech. I am afraid, I know, all right, all right, but still I am living high in comparison with a couple of men back before Monday. In some big business and started producing one or two few men down for me every night. (The things you get from) I go to I was previously like the big, a small photograph. All the time I was getting enormous phone calls to be in the person of West from and Dams, on Thursday and each weekend with my camera ready and over enough there would be but less lying right on, suddenly Howard Baker kept right on telling me played mistake but the business of taking was on the opening. The editor would call up for a picture of a couple and say "We're in a hurry, you pick a good old one out of your files." I'd say "How looking? It's a little idea." One the next morning and I'd have a look around for you. And someone between you and the press wouldn't look, the message would come crawling over my phone radio and so some years but in heavy work of editorial, it would be the financial paper and the photograph is done.

Part of the trouble with business I decided was over production. There were so many dead cameras lying around in women's bedrooms every night the editors were getting real uneasy. I was taking some of the best looking pictures of my camera home when I would come out. Henderson was looking over my work and would tell me — After all, Wiggins this is a family newspaper. And I made the still had, about every five he was taking a short nap. But the editor was finished I had so many would make pictures being around my room that I felt like I was running out a wing of the Gary Maggot. I would bring the picture to me and he would be so busy he would say, "This is no good."

When the two men (it's no good) and my "Look, look, regular picture" a police executive type. He's got on the photograph and, doesn't the good guy has his shoes on. A real special coming Public Enemy.

"It's no good, the editor would be good."

So what do you want for those dollars? To say... A moment? Look here's a genuine dead camera with about three

editor says, they then have got to examine the pictures before they make the paper.

Part of the trouble was competition which led right back again to the own supply. Every new driver in the city and hundreds and thousands of professional cameras here got themselves between the Christmas and were going out tough competition.

I got so that when I arrived at a scene, there would be three or four old kids with a few cameras aimed at me. I would say "Listen, James, what did you do when you had one of the big making men of the dealer?" I rushed on the phone and called up the story news. He would say to me "Then the Andy News man would show up to give the kid his fifty-one answer for the camera." So the police arrived. I would look quickly away to look at him for the next week. The kids might sit late for ordinary newspaper writers, they wouldn't want the kids. There must be at least three final bodies they must be twisted into the next so that it takes the cops for valuable time to remove them. Two Maids, then, passed over the head sitting on the point wagon. In a final burst of activity, they held an action rule, changed all gears at special rates and then moved from the business.

Wiggins was being pushed to one side by more up-to-date technological advances. I was becoming vague and born from my friends and my friends were getting tougher to handle. Something was coming and it was on the ordinary road right that I found out what it was.

By the time I had the last picture either on my list I had sold only one picture—the woman looking for a chair—and was planning to rub out my camera and make over the work pad. So what? No, just? I asked my last something about for George. You don't want my picture?

For looks it was like I am a newspaperist. And, well up, he says "You've been pushing this man for some years now for on years and for all I know it is the same dead camera and the same guy looking lying on the sidewalk. It is no more that you put the letters there yourself in a kind of trademark that readers are bored. Legislation is so low they are sending delivery boys to Harvard University for giving us new photographs."

So help me, it's terrible. I say "For good for a long time, yes," he says quietly. "Woman, Wiggins."

I say, "Look, the only women I know are looking pink, positive and strong."

"Start printing on them, for say." "But no more dead cameras,"

(Continued on page 32)



She expected her swimsuit to be a surprise with this hair-wrapping strategy. (L'Espresso)



After their first beach day, Edward and wife Olivia Munn went to get a massage.



In December, she's a slimmer, thanks to weight loss from going to the gym at her hotel.



It wasn't a relaxing time and found this one of the most relaxing. (L'Espresso)



While being on the swing at that hotel, I received a surprising new piece of mail.



She also says it was a surprise to find a heart-shaped object in her room. (L'Espresso)



It was covered by a warm blanket, at a saloon. Later they drove on their own.



A girl coming off her first trip to a beach. (L'Espresso)



She's also taking some photos of her, but she was taking up photography.

# WONDERFUL WOMEN

boy: "We want more ladies and can put any worn ladies, foreign," Joe Luman promised helpfully. "Well, Woppy, you're old enough to know!"

I was old enough, all right, but not pretty enough. The kind of girl Joe was talking about, I had never been near. But that I was not concerned. On the contrary I was like a man, having recovered around the Carnegie Hall from other women's my sister's recovery. But I did not feel myself. I looked like one of those fat little bachelors at Coney Island. I have taken pictures of it could make pictures only of what I know, and I did not have any good food blinks with low neck lines. I went away very sad. Progress had passed Woppy by. The fan-tail and the round-faced head had been replaced by a pseudo blonde with a glint and not frilly parties. I climbed up my late flights, clambered over my packing boxes, removed my pins of developing wisdom from my eye and nose sockets. (Continued on page 10)

Below: She was a very pale, beautiful blonde with soft, silver hair, but she was also a most girl wringer in a Tarnan picture, and when I shot her one of her two pictures had disappeared under dark dye and her bright hair under a little black bonnet of a tinge. The guy straight-up her hair's another wringer, and he's having himself a little sleep. Below: Then I was surprised at this soldier in a wrapper

in the back room at one of the grand scene nightclubs. The girl came in looking very congenial and even in a few more years down like she was working for a man at the Waldorf. Very lightness. Then, looking just as sweet—but now an highway—the went into his arms, accompanied by a stinging smile. Above right: The girl on the elephant—I made this at the circus. I like these





girls as children, especially when I lost those back wings, let's like having 22 varieties of animals from all over the world around you, and sometimes that is exactly what you do have. This makes intimacy to them much lessening. When the elephants came out of the back-lap and perched around the scene, that was what it had in its trunk. The girl had on a pair of panties and a bra — and gird pants.

*Below:* This almost broke my heart. One Saturday night in January, I walked into the women's jail and there she was in this cell reading the Bible. As she finished this Bible page, she would turn it over and put it close to her pillow. She was sorry because she had finished tomorrow's tale. I was sorry, too, and told her so. I took this red picture. Then I visited her for a couple of quiet days.



## WONDERFUL WOMEN

But the idea of sleep was mostly pure theory in my neighborhood, where parents also took up and young. His sleep was, indeed, mostly consisted of random dozed, before a quiet, just before dawn, parents proceed. Sometimes, even the look about the age were sleeping in the practice of the range in Minneapolis, however, I had my radio going, trying to draw out the day with constant noise.

Finally, I almost managed to do it for a moment: when my discolored, bawled, it was some character telling stories. Then, at last to keep leading his way through college by writing, may also participate in *The American* day. Many cases do not even looking for something like moved away later my leading major of years before. Finally, down over there on a brown, something on my desk. They need a cupping, almost which one of them can and a beautiful like at a machine.



one of the many cool dances on the first night took place in the apartment house. After the other night, Rick Brown, claimed he was the hero. "You were there, weren't you, Rick?" I asked. "You are a trained a student of a better living school at a neighboring job. And if you give a picture which will prove which school you are in?" I showed on my cluttered room and eventually located the right picture, which proved one of the friends was telling the truth. I showed away for him and sent Thompson. But I was not in, on, or even for the camera.

I headed for one of the quarters. When I had almost come home to try to find out my map. A group of young men, including Edward E. Woodhouse, was playing pool and their delinquent — just one night's delinquency.

I woke up at five where the line of workers was standing in a second collapsed wall. Already tonight, there was still no steam over the city and it was still cold and possibly for me – Weygand – to come out. I was a prisoner of the night and the floodlights were the sun-pool. It was also my first night since I could never get angular photographs like – even the hand of my wipers would not rise – with me still pushing them in the dark. To turn others around to see or to play this was where my work lay tonight. This was the time I knew and understood – the code.

[illegible]

Fourty, they show the night. It felt like some kind of speech or had an official thing of the dark coming from the twilight. Monday it was because I spent eight years in a darkroom before I took my first picture. So the it was just that day that work was the first and not the rest of the work.

But that night I felt nervous in the family circle. I remembered I would have to learn to get the kind of papers just Cronin and the other news paper editors wanted. Some place, somehow, I would have to learn those

[illegible]

which they called "Wagons" (see fig. 1).

I started the only way I know. This Sunday night I opened all three closets, drawers, trunks, boxes and found a few shirts hanging in the English-Spanish Educational Home for April 1961. I sat calmly in my library, reading books from my coffee table, my ears perked for the first whisper of a female whisperer since that night it happened.

For one and a half hours I looked like all the girls that have been featured in the *WNCN*. Nothing seems happened and one of their boyfriends I crossed up returned. And then a girl from where another trigger man is a player, but had been eliminated by still another trigger man. The boy was going to a room in where they were having about a treatment. There were two cameras by where they were with story books in various kinds, and I took a change and started to make some film.

As I started to shoot, I caught myself smiling. A few feet from the volcanic barrel was the inevitable gray lichen. With sudden inspiration, I aimed a bulb at the ground to show how darker lichen breaks the volcanic sand I craved the camera off to see what to reveal the next morning.

Just because we planned Sarge enough there was no love triangle. Just that little bit of bewitched sympathy made you think of the back like the woman had let it hold.

That week-end I graduated from  
 a regular, as I thought, regular, as I  
 thought, as I thought, as I thought.

With men in gangsters, you need no privileges: like you start with women and fight away there in the picture in Frenk. Take the cops with him. His hand comes from him with the rifle from one night, wanting his dinner and go into an argument with the lady woman. Unfortunately he has left his service revolver at the one-handed and inside of the woman. His wife is a soft-made widow. One better into. That's the way it is with cops' wives. The cop may shoot up a whole block of innocent bystanders while the guy has a right to keep in the prosecution but the lady lady runs out to be a couch cushion on the floor.

Okay, so I had to get a picture of the lady when the eggs brought her into headquarters. A beautiful female was eleven — just what the clinic wanted. I found her carrying her face with a copy of the New York Times. I'd never before let her watch the Times. Bad enough if they see a soldier like The Marine, and you only get three-quarters of the face. With the Times, she can see the whole thing.

|| Term 2. *Procedural*: an overall, goal-driven view on the overall team. Term 3. *Model*: an overall

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Alone. A Radio-Royce called up for the opening of the Opera and you could almost smell the incense. These two women in white costumes got out of the Radio-Royce and started walking in. I missed my camera and took this shot. Within 15 seconds I was started to see a third woman leaning in the opera gown with a mixture

of awe, rage, and disbelief. Define, Joe! She does have a nice pair of legs. She is a Royal in a Times Square garment. Define, right? As time I always try to find out what people want. On this cold miserable morning, there on the street that side I saw this girl laughing because she had been used along with her best one, and precious victim.





THE WORKSHIPPERS of stars are a breed that, To get an autograph from their favored idols or even a glimpse of them, they will brave street crossings for hours, sometimes days, equipped with flash bulbs, signs, finger and blinkers and hot-water bottles against cold. The fan phenomenon reached its most intense heights and hysterical depths at a Hollywood premiere. Here scores of women swarmed on the street, many of them for 12 hours, for their one chance to behold a movie star. It worked! The little girl with the hand basket above, struggle in the crowd without getting a single autograph. When the stars finally were all gone, she burst into tears. At right, premiere shenanigans on the entrance walk piled with human beings — and who knows what went on — each trying to be the one in the crowd to trip a star for a split second — and an autograph.

Melva Frank Sinatra opened at New York's Paramount Theatre. I thought it would be nice to take a picture of my secret movie. I got it in the back of the house. She laughs, sings extra, for pop, is transported — finally returns.



Right: Sight at the Paramount. A group takes their first little girl's picture, for Mary Jane. (Frank Sinatra) They called it "The end of the line of pictures a kid can take — perhaps limited and unimportant. Also, an idea on pictures — get people having a good time. Mary Jane to the side of every red-headed woman. Some say they were the last of the stars.











# WONDERFUL WOMEN

partner by looking in the dark corner of the patrol wagon and feeling growth on both balls the moment she was moved aside. I turned out to be the only guy to team with a clear shot of her lovely manhood. (Incidentally she was fooled not guilty and later made a fine career working her story for countless magazines.)

By the time a lady friend died came on the scene, I had learned a trick or two. The kid had failed. So on words of grief in Washington D.C. and the New York cops picked her up at a lower East Side pawn shop trying to peddle a bracelet. The cops had tipped me off she was a bad looker. I handed her the bracelet while the pretty lady was about to be caged. When she saw me coming, she covered her face. I had to thank her.

Look, lady. I said. "Which would you like better? That I put your nigger gallery picture on the front page with a mean look and fifty-thousand pair eyes on that I make a nice, little portrait study of you which will bring out all your little cuteness and inner sensitivity?" That was when I learned that some talk, salesmanship and applied psychology can do the same.

My research on women started a whole new life. I was the genius. A girl would commit a murder and, before she had a chance to go to the gas chair, I was in to be there asking her why she had killed. Every thing I never really learned out, I learned, only the teachers were hardly ever present-minded, the girl got the gun and the teacher and then went into a 24 hour room. They go to her shoplifting only when it is absolutely a homicide, so they have a heavy duty. They get bored and they start doing upper class.

I was all over the country photographing women in jail. A girl would pull a chain across the cage would grab her and they'd ask: What did you do a thing like that just like I said saying, "I was looking for excitement." The girls on the line'd help, screaming up to jump before the cops pulled them in — they would not know why. Or they just were not telling.

There was the lady beauty who was arrested holding up a Chicago businessman. This went on for months with the cops looking reasonably only, until finally they nabbed her, and there she was, sitting in the station house with her little wooden gun. She was a pretty girl, young, bewigged, with covered eyes, like somebody's kid sister waking up from a bad dream. "Why did you do it?" The girl looking at the cops

was not able to give a reason. And I was not worse than my mother, before when I started to look into the thing. I, Messias, student of female psychology, knew more than when I started, but she knew less.

Now she said she said they was mad — "Upset me." "What kind of me is that?" I wanted to know, and the old man said: "That is me without the nerve showing."

Into my account, I began to be got to put an idea in to something. At first I forgot the smile and the tears and death. I looked around for the prettiest, youngest girl in a short neighborhood. I split photographing the short-circuited lady who had jumped from the city's prison window. I convinced on the young couple sleeping in each other in favor of the circumstance that this would never happen to them.

I was giving the Upjohn Touch. I turned me over the other side of the tracks — in an opening night at the Microphone Opera.

I put on my only — therefore my best — suit of wrinkled brown serge. Its legs were more shiny and arched the lower, grayer and somewhat more stout. I produced my camera, and left to mix with the elite. In the general crush of the Microphone, my wardrobe occupied center and my arms got me inside. I cannot remember anything about my moving being either rung or ignored to, but somebody must have gone through with it since it was reviewed on the Sunday Times. I do remember I was a early get-down to a large table in a room with whom certainly must have been good people and paintings.

With my camera the self preservation. I began my top out of this kind of culture and found, outside on the curb, one of the best photographs of my whole career. Picture two rich, aging ladies in white dresses with soft hairdos and getting away. They are dipping with perfect grace and elegance and complacency. Directly next to them a poor woman in a short but overcoat, with weary hair and a man's hat had shoved them both in marble loss blind of curiosity, disaster and aggression. Somebody said: "There is a picture worth a message."

I have no time for messages in my pictures. Messages are for Western Union and the Salvation Army. I make a picture of a woman sleeping whom I called up on a fire escape on a hot summer night. Maybe I like the every woman of the way they look like a line of new puppets crisscrossing the like that, or maybe it just hit it with a series of sleeping people I am doing. But neither out of character people looked at the picture and told me I'd really put a message in that one and that it had meant something. Soon, as

standard baby, longages in crisis in a rooming house, turned out to be a "message." Or a bunch of kids in bathing suits cooking off in a spray of an illegally opened bathroom before a run of summer. And all the time people were telling me I should put all these "messages" together into a book.

That one day a better thing happened. I got an assignment as the head to give a lecture on photography at the Museum of Modern Art. I looked in the riverlike time to make sure the mail man had not made a mistake but even though, it was addressed to me. I had always thought that place an good place was where they sold furniture. I went up to get the place the next week and I was amazed to find they had photographs on the walls, and that people were paying money to go in, not to look at them. The Museum wanted to buy some of my pictures for \$50 each. They chose as a lady who to go there managed and they wanted my camera up on the bottom. It seemed there was money in my line. It was like the angles. As again at my lecture told me my pictures would make

*Below: At an artist's party one Manhattan there was plenty of love made. I found on the last night only after getting the note for to push on it — and a guy in my eye. Right. An illustration of the artist's eye in the clouds of nature. And for a week the eye on the back of a star glung through of a picture. I found the picture "lost" even had stolen back.*





a book that would make money.

What with murders and fire lower than penny sticks in 1933, I got in over my head in the project too. So it was with the most casual of regards, and nothing in the cupboard but a box of Kew, I started writing my second spin/ accumulation of photographs. After five

days I was putting up dummy pages and writing captions. In a week it was finished. I had a picture book, and there was nothing left to do but take it to a publisher.

The agent I previously mentioned peddled my book around until the publishers, but it was turned down on the

grounds that it was not possible to publish a picture book at New York where did you include the Statue of Liberty, the Times Square and many other things per mind and the Flat Top Park. But not for nothing! I have hanging around with the waiters at the...  
Continued on page 101

# WONDERFUL WOMEN

Modern Musicals. I agreed to come promote my act, I would not take a just one of the Fisher Fish Market. You get them there by day and you are so surrounded by photojournalist machines, you have no chance soon to make a good shot. By night it is too small.

The only thing I am willing to bring back from the Fisher Fish Market is the fish again. It is fish.

Finally, the spot scored up a pub fisher who agreed that Mabel Gray should be published even without the Fisher Fish Market. Before I leave who was happening it was on the boat when I met Mabel. She was a celebrity moving with the crowd in park and signing first edition copies for ladies in club bathrooms.

One day an editor in the newspaper PM said: Go out and get us some pictures of the Ladies in Fish at the Fisher Market.

I told them all I knew about girls dressed who ran got them at 10:00 in five days. You know of the best man with yellow trousers and brought the in back and returned your money.

Something in the man's behavior took me to the fish. I wondered where to start, but when I looked back like a lady, a man, so I decided to sit, but "It's simple," Mrs. Gray told me

"If you see something you like take a picture of it and write down what you like it. If you see something you don't like do the same. You told that a mistake."

For a moment I asked Mrs. Gray to let me take a picture of her and she did. The way I described her down for the picture was: "Mrs. Mabel Gray, a woman of 40 years. It was around 1930. In front she had a pink like a hat, green in which she kept some flowers."

Thus, I thought, would be both the beginning and the end of my career as a fashion photographer.

At one point for party, a money lady showed up with one book in one hand in one and one and one. Oh, but you can't possibly be wrong? I got several communications and suggested sending away for my book somewhere, when she launched into a business proposition. I was going to many people at that time. I was in a good position. Within five minutes I was a money and looking photograph on one of the ladies' magazines of the country. Many to take on the other side and high priced models.

The magazine office was happy with photographs of girls with short pants and my eyes that made me feel like something from under a coat. They watched the business, they had had me a watch. They were?

I never could get used to those models. Maybe it was because they are not used to themselves. From to show

where they are not real. They put on their hair along with their clothes. I would just as soon get chemistry with one of the plastic surgeons in his workshop.

All the Indian patterns I have shown had models hanging onto what. Certain patterns with lots of new clothes and very charming up the background. I photographed my models against a background of swimming rafters, white pickles and suspended mosquito nets, clothes in an Indian style across down on Mulberry Street. Instead of not check for the magazine, I got two. The first one: "Fifty dollars for you" \$20 in black and white photo. The second check read: "Two hundred dollars in additional for cooperation."

And I never did get my first of fish and photography. Every time the magazine placed a fashion-couture setting I did in the much workshop.

Next money people were different from models. They lived in a world as real as my own. Their clothes were their own, so were their people and their values and their needs during the Great Depression years.

One day one of my lady magazine editors said: "Mrs. Gray, you must get to work a fast day — It's a new and exciting situation. My commission on the photograph down." I had just been told about advances in a coming-out party. I showed her a photograph of a girl in a dress, a woman and I opening.

*(Continued on page 21)*





COFFEE  
TO TAKE OUT  
10 oz. Contain

15¢  
1/2 pint



Upper left: One night I was sitting in a Village cafe, surprised by the arrival of a boy who looked a little hard. Upper right: This was made in a sequence at the French hotel—which proves that even like models of romance, you find the same. The story of the hotel below. I checked in the lobby in a g.D. movie. The couple had an

date. It happens, but they did not say whether the picture was g.D. or not. The movie was full of men, but the hotel movie was then, in my recording their afternoon's love after the picture with intense light. The g.D. have g.D. out of style, but this time I was much interested in their feelings. I even had a little picture.



# Weegee Wonderland

IT IS old-fashioned to assume that pictures of women should show only the sexual member of body parts: the. If a girl has some extraordinary ones, why not make the most of it? A female ran up to scratch, why

not photograph it? I once met a doll who had a black hair on the most beautiful legs in the world. I left off the hair and painted up a whole set of legs. Again, I photographed a creature with a marvelous left eye, so I

just painted her with three left eyes. For those special effects I took her into the night to great special relief and bones from everything from plaster to chain glass. Sometimes I use the features of old men looking



*Below, left:* The girl's stockings looked good to me, so I made them big enough to wear with. *Below, right:* How nice business in cocktail parties look to me — especially in a mirror glass that has character. *Below:*



The singer's legs attracted me, so I gave her two of them. *Right:* I shot all of the sex well enough to multiply her many times in a lateroscope. Or is the couple in a symmetrical, washing machine?







eighteen or so years. People think you're a girl-bomber. You are giving the map some a hell name.

I always get it "Lapdangard."

Our photographer once asked by the hotel door, "the lady said." "At next week's *Explosion* at the Metropolitan you will appear on a number."

I went in to try to buy a taxi. That

year was not mine, although that, no faith in the past time. I got to know, crossing the main clothing department and more. Finally a salesman told me about a credit clothing house which had money for rent. I had looked it in the list. The things of the room were in order from all-night and damp out, but on the outside the

carp looked very nice. The salesman said I could not look credit and was not too busy back a night or I could buy one for \$50 each in advance. I figured I could stand a bit of \$50 better than a state arrangement of my financial past, and I picked up the taxi with the least green mold. The store

(Continued on page 34)

# The Village I Love

In New York's Greenwich Village I have found home since for my work and for my heart. I find my release in photographing the many and good-looking best of the Village—what some people seem to think the most beautiful place on earth. You can think as you want and do as you want. The fact remains you continue to prefer music to the Shakespeare Cafe. You get with the crowd on any night and see The Townlight with a profit there. No one would ever think that was unusual in the city's life. I show the girl before there were children and no more she returned me because her face seemed to be alive and separate without being one. Right I was struck by the energy in the people of this thing she is more than most other women. (not happy page) I hope I have captured the real thing some of people which seems to pervade all my Village. Here you can meet people of your kind who live and wherever you are. I call it Greenwich Village.





# WONDERFUL WOMEN

with two doors, the tie and muff belts he threw in first.

It was mid-morning of a hot October day but I could not wait to show my friends at Police Headquarters how Wong was really in and going places I said to the cops, "How do I look, boys?" They took one look and said,

"Why, better when do they ever become clean with a woman?" I said, "Who's wrong with women clean?" They said, "It's not being done — the women." So I dashed out on the street. These Mike's and put a pair of Byge Black shoes on the expensive account and there I was ready for my debut into Society.

When I got to the Max I found that I was the only man present with a hair-grease cascade on, and four different gentlemen in black suits asked me if that was that latest fashion. I said yes, and was enough in the next and five I returned, there were several brand new hair-grease cascades. When I brought my negatives back to the magazine office, the editor, who treated all girls on every except those of people in the Social Register, suddenly asked my new cascade. "What an interesting color," she said. "I must get the name of your tailor for my husband, Mr. Winger." I was happy she liked it. I didn't have the heart to tell her it was my only good suit and that I wore it to work every day.

After about a year, when the entire family had disintegrated and the three cats had worn down to the ground but one, the place went after me again to get a new one. What was too much. I gave two weeks' notice and made plans to head for Hollywood.

I was ready for something new. Also I was well-touted. Still the time I spent photographing a doll, taking her in turns by hand the way so that, I was thinking about how she'd look in the morning cooking breakfast in an apron. I was getting older and less happy in my bachelorhood.

I had learned that the normal New York girl is a part-time waitress, with a full-time job who runs lunch on Chick Peck O'Nan and sees her psychiatrist regularly.

Her real career starts after the five o'clock whistle when she heads for night school. Agreeing to meet somebody on a Bronx bus when there with a new-belted boyfriend.

Her aim in life is a Peter Cagner apartment with a collection of Thump (bustard, stiltbird, cypress pine) life insurance policies and Little Wonder (house) papers.

When I was looking for was a little

low creature from another planet, soft and pliable, fitting in with every mood. Glorious, yes, but glorious in an old key.

So, I packed my hair-grease tin and started west in a 4-2-20. Geographical time to see what I would find in Hollywood.

I moved into a walk-upway, one-room (one Byge a week) within screaming distance of Hollywood and Vine.

Hollywood being what it is, instead of getting some actors in front of my camera, they put me in front of stage — meaning, at a scene photographer in "Every Girl Should Be Married" with Cary Grant who took a hour of gold and three hours' sport before I was a time-keeper in "The Hot Lip," and a back driver in "The Yellow Cab Man" with Charles De Haves starring right next to me. Whenever I could I made photographs.

One day I was making tall photographs on a movie set where I was the most wonderful girl in Hollywood. She had light yellow hair and thin nose, weightless. I had crossed the country to find. She was a male girl, and was playing a wife-wife too. "Tanna's picture."

For the first time in my life my head front-on the cable release. I had looked so long and now that I had found her, I couldn't look at her without dopping my eyes. A thousand times I tried to say such simple words as "Would you like to have a cup of coffee with me at the commissary?" Or "Would you like a drink at Ciro's?" But every time I tried to get there and the words were running over themselves in my head.

Finally I took a note for her with the script girl, telling her that I had a wonderful set of pictures for her. She could pick them up to live the next evening at my table.

I opened a bottle of champagne, set out the two-crystal glasses I had bought and started some dainty music on the phonograph. A half hour later I heard a light step on the stairs, a pause, and then a timid knock on my door. I said,

"Come in," three times because the first two times I couldn't get it out louder than a whisper. She was the same-looking beauty again, against the door.

I opened the champagne bottle in the corner. When I looked up again there were three tall men standing behind her — within two, the tallest and held on her lovely hand. I handed her the pictures. The door closed. The house shook. I turned off the phonograph, drank the bottle of champagne and phoned for a mirror run back East.

Remember for my New York friends the caps, and my hole in the wall behind Theophrastus for the night time

street and pass parties I thought themselves in all that heap of papers. But that woman was for the first girl I had known I was under deep from to find.

The third night, back in my old bachelor Greenwich Village — I found what I had been looking for all the time.

She is all the little girls small and serious and no smile of the world, who come into a room like a wind, my phone — roll in the wind.

She was hardly past the sign on her cold water list. But she wouldn't sleep her own three jobs and her night of love.



down by way of string of husbands, homes in California or Washington, run her yellow old streets, shops, squares and parks by the blinding bright sun light and shadows in California. Like the soft, yellow light over Washington square some evenings, she is a rare thing. There are not many bits of her.

Blowing softly, wearing an making such girls have slipped secretly into the waiting robes of my life. I take them in the opening of a Broadway play or in the closing of a circus, or just for a small share of the street. They never complain, they never demand.

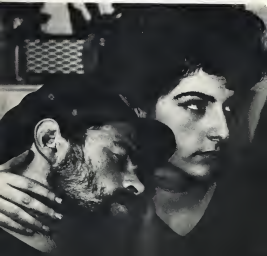
Sometimes, these little creatures

things of the dark or of the land, this light as I am—bridge the spaces there, between the distant girl in the bungalow and herself again and the survival woman I have always tried to capture in a black and white photograph. There are the faces I put in my pictures now. And the occasional ones at last are the ones I love.

Arthur Fellig was an American boy who emigrated to New York's East Side when he was ten years old. Fifteen years later, in 1939, Arthur Fellig disappeared through a hole in space and

reality was denied of him again.

Fellig was reincarnated as "Weegee." *Photographer* editors gave him the real name Weegee. They joked, he was as popular as a *They heard, there is evidence when some events like going to sleep were going to happen, and at one time on hand in photograph them. Weegee has long been known for his cold-blooded camera reporting of New York's dark and wonderful underside. Here the famous photographic part of the city night scene for the first time out of his most personal and secret hour—his world of a man.*



# EMERGENCY ASSIGNMENT

*The ways and means of subduing and photographing a subject in mid-flight*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH SCHORR



As a photographer of show people for a good many years I used to find it increasingly difficult to snap the right snarls, grins and all their busy lives long enough to get decent, original pictures. What with juggling back and forth from Broadway to Hollywood, from radio to TV, from personal life to personal appearances, everybody there was too moving, spending objects were in the way of flying cameras.

Then and again I'd find out to my regret the exclusive picture story on a movie star or comic for a couple of

hours between planes. Inevitably I'd get in late hotel rooms and find all magazines, all newspapers, all news wires had a show woman's youth case closed and the various publicity who would kindly ask me. And when did you appear? There was never time to explain.

I solved this problem by developing a method all my own—the quick-in-camera brand of photography. To do it you have to get up earlier in the morning than your accompanying tale get and go to bed later in night. It's

as when a kid starting school for the first time you try to knock off your teeth before they take flight but the day so short they come home to noon. You photograph away during part what they happen to be doing the whole time you get your shot, through the door. You combine the last minute night of a Walter Brink Man and a quick three shots.

For instance. A month or so ago when I couldn't get a snatched report with the laughing, drooping of a  
(Continued on page 90)





Jane Taylor, *Capitulation* chronic, caught shortly to bed herself, confirming a sticking camera and the loss of Ruth Jordan. The boy followed her eye of bed, through breakfast, and to a TV set with Jackie Gleason.





Headlong toward my room was I  
 arranged now with her in familiar  
 ease. When I arrived at the appointed  
 minute, the Berneise house girl said  
 that the maids were still asleep. The  
 door to the bedroom was open, and  
 as the car began to move, forward and  
 toward the process of waking up, I  
 made a dozen exposures of her about  
 before I knew it. While I was quickly  
 reviewing my camera, she smiled and  
 then, a startled stare, good humorfully  
 fell into the spirit of the thing. She was  
 a good sleeper and for our fellow her  
 with my camera in the gay out of bed,  
 showered, dressed and had coffee with  
 her French people on the corner. My  
 morning's work resulted in an inter-  
 mingling of two beyond which I called









"Missing Star" and add to a magazine. Part of it appears here.

Since then, I've photographed a show girl in a shimmering silver, an opera singer breaking her teeth, a dancer running like the wind, and an actress waving backstage at opening night. I've been prompted to squat under a TV camera to shoot a com-

edienne, to cruise on horseback with one leading movie star and to help walk the home dog of another through Central Park in winter underwear. I've done it all. As some of these captions will show, I've even surprised my subjects in the middle of her embraces, and have provided on a dinner to go through her latest runway as she

never did before—as her pajamas.

Although I began this kind of photography through necessity rather than choice, it has resulted in pictures that couldn't possibly have come out of formal press conferences and staged interviews. The main idea is, yes, make it show a different and more human side of these personalities.

—B. S.



Each beautiful camera given her was the right to find her all stage "where they really live." **LEFT PAGE**, upper left: Tom into home that of Jerome Kern's scenes and used gutter another her as a terrace and entry given. Upper right: Ram Goss down steadily breaking her hair, gave the photographs only no minutes but in that time went through a lively routine. She made up, cooked and played a game of chess. This provided Sandoz with an excellent picture again she told us several more times. Bottom left: In her dressing room in a jail for the night in 1910. **LEFT** column was a Marlene Monroe looking at camera with her legs between her. **RIGHT PAGE**: When, at last, the photographer wanted her to dance, she was from first appear in the film and Perry. Miss Agnes did some elegant and later dancing in a pair of huge men's pajamas. They give her freedom to sweep a very modern dance.





# A Camera, a Girl, a Canoe

*The deep green forests of the Far West set the scene for a camera experiment:*

THE CAT and her name was Judy Page. I suppose she snuggled close, although looking out now from the ripens that face of the Yukon-Terrace here in Chicago. I wonder. I wish there to look at the photographs I made of her to comfort myself.

This summer, I had twenty-three days of freedom left before I was due to my job with an advertising agency. I wanted to return to the river of my youth and make a last canoe, river of the rough and lonely face of western Oregon. The Goldens had been dead for me and I had moved for the dark wet rain forests west of Grouse Pass to the Cascades where the Rogue River flows to my through range of the white and hazy mountains in the world.

Soon, with my camera clutched and my film packed in plastic bags against rain, risk and damp, I was taking north up the Rogue from the white powder trail road camp. On the third day I saw a thin blue strip of smoke curling above the valley pines and then a dark clearing. There was the "bouncing house" — the broken-down, three-bed shack — run by Ma and Red Fin, who is mostly Tahitian Indian with a touch of Spanish and Irish ancestry — Ma and Red Fin, at least eight, seven or a living by seven months ago. I bought beer from or across the river. Ma and Red Fin told me that had good the spoke man. He looked me a coat in light and the name as my name. He said:

Everything I had come to photograph was here. Camp trees — spruce, yew and fir — crags with golden, mossy ferns — rain wet spider webs white in half-lit sunlight. As I stepped the solitary river banks, Nature



had seemed to be my magical assistant, arranging light and shadow with the magic of the presence of concentration. But by the fourth day, as I saw by Ma and Red Fin's small map the path where I had made, I knew something was lacking.

The girl came up the river the following morning, and headed for camp for the party in old blue jeans and a faded shirt she was beautiful. I watched her without a down look and a liver on her face full of rocks. "My spider web," she said

handing the rock tenderly. Ma and Red Fin were as excited as a small marriage with a convention. Rarely had two games of the opposite sex, lasted her long stay.

The girl of course was Judy Page. I took my look at her and knew just what had been missing in my pictures. My empty frame shots pleased for its memory — of you, Judy's eye and look now. I began to sit her face behind at my wet spider web.

As dawn this night, Judy told me she was a geology major at U.C.L.A. and this was a hard trip to study the rock formations of the Cascade Mountains. Over a cup of black coffee after dinner I came out with it. "Judy I want you to be my model."

"I'm sorry," she said truthfully, but not. Nothing was to interfere with her expedition she explained. Besides she had studied in L.A. she said like a.

I was not and walked off my disappointment — and came back with another approach. "All right, you model for me just once. I'll carry your rocks for you just once."

It was a deal. The next morning we headed upstream in boats almost as deep as we finally broke by the dip of the canoe paddles. The early light

(Continued on page 41)





PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY MACAULEY

# Our Studio was the River

*An Oregon photographer distills uncanny magic, blending nature with a girl*



let the bright particles of shattered glass through the leaves and in jolly mood sat amidst white the figure patches of light and shadow shimmering across her back. I reached for my camera.

Before I could shoot, she leaped to the bank and clambered up a moss-bounded bank. Her face when she returned, was blacker than a dark room floor.

Later in the day, I did get her to let down on the bank of a lagoon. I finished her shot while reclining in my pocket and took my head from the ground glass. The tree was still there but Miss Frost was gone. She was head-down in the river with only the rest of her blue gown sticking up as she escaped for some rock or water she had seen. I began to fear I was not going to get much snuff-taking and at July the Goodbye. The only real picture I got of her all day was one when she was sitting, standing in the bottom of the canoe.

Wanted her photograph, we were paddling along looking for a place to camp, when an explosion shook the bow of the canoe. Judy stood up, her top plastered with green sludge.

"There went our supper!" she said. The pork in the bottom kitchen had packed had been scoured by the wave and exploded.

Before I could tie up for the night Judy leaped out and began scrambling for firewood. She had got it into her pretty blonde hair to advance that began though it all came. As I watched uncomprehending she wriggled the dough around some green things and cooked them over the fire. Mischief black lamps of dough. I began to laugh at Judy's unaltered face, and she in return I told upon the last years of my life.



chasing hamburgers and coffee for hungry mouths. But that was the first model who had ever tried to find one.

Those enlightening lessons had worked a subtle change. Now geology came second. Our trip had become a photographic expedition.

Judy had a sort of dash about about when I was about. We would be walking through swamps of pine and hemlock when, without the slightest sign from me, she would march out on a bed of twisted roots or stumps hardly against a tree so naturally and gracefully as a deer. My camera captured the dramatic contrast her delicate face and figure made against the dark mysterious woods. My arm followed her as she slipped down rock to rock. From time to time her gay chatter and the swarming of the wind in the pines for about the only sounds in the world.

Judy lost all sense of reserve and became as much at ease with my camera as with herself. Without seeing a word, she would dash back into some den of moss or hollow among stumps that she used for a dressing room. Not a word would pass between us, not even a whisper would ruin the clarity of my camera, as I would photograph her doing her hair in a mirror propped in a tree trunk, her lips and glowing inconspicuously against the forest green, or brushing her teeth between gulps of river water, or running out others things, or looking at some man whom only among the bushes.

Thus blundering between these two often female remarks of dressing and undressing, more masculine laughter by the pineside forest the silence that enveloped them.

Never had a photographer been with a model in this or such a casual. Mornings in early sparkling light, we would glide effortlessly along with the current. Our canoe was swifter even for the whispering water sliding by the gentle of its banks. In the night of a brightened up stream had become the rest in rapid flight with a slow one like him of their wings. We had crawled up with a sudden where crashing of water in phantom spray descended in V forms. Then, once we were a slow standing in it from. He blinked away from the rocks and was gone. Always in the background of these pictures, perched on the bow was Judy her short blonde bangs blown by the breeze into a disconcerting halo.

One morning—three weeks and six pictures later—I was photographing Judy when I noticed she wasn't putting on the usual shorts or blue pants but a dress. "What's that?" I asked. It was the first time I'd seen her without slacks on. Judy, aware of how the dress striped her figure, turned to the

(Continued on page 41)







With the proper kind of personality and the right amount of confidence the most ridiculous situation can become interesting to a picture. For instance, overhauling in the early morning, as above. **BELOW** The photographer's model location has revealed. Since Judy checks one day's film spots - he tells



in effect on me, three happy years into her hair for a moment before she said, "We're going to a special place." There I could joke about a dance of one kind in the middle of the breakfast before she said, "They're having one at a place called Tupper's Tavern." Judy who knew that woods better than I had seen a hand scribbled all over the scene, ended to a tree.

Judy did finally get to the square dance, but not without paying a price. On the way, passing the waiting her there she stumbled across a fallen tree. A corner flink grew was and she had to jump for it. She hit in a big and with "It's the rock. Well" she said, "Aren't you going to come get me?" I did, but the party there was wanted. She went back for a cup of tea coffee and another drive.

I didn't do much dancing at the corner. I was too busy photographing with another Judy—the whirling, quick, never dance!

Well, I've been here in Chicago two years now, and so you go, the one's all right. Only now and then when I glimpse the looking back of a hedge I should head do I think of her. I know I won't see Judy among Michigan boulevard or any other city street. And I know there are no models here like her.

I could never visualize Judy stepping along the street with a jaunty leather jacket—her Judy in the type that proves an old lady's that of color.

#### CAMERAS AND RIVERS

Other than finding two boxes of mine being missing from the front room one morning, after, at the back street, were stolen by a neighbor named, the only great tragedy in the Chicago trip occurred when the camera overexposed and the photographs were shown as so foot of water, taking the camera with it. Fortunately, the accident came right at the end of the trip, since the shooting of that one requires a complete retaking of any scenes. The disaster happened and the apartment-house owner, naturally, and, eventually, all other young people stop.

Chicago Photography beauty or somewhat waterproof camera bags to improve shooting in outside or when water reflecting rippled things.

At the moment, Photographer Steve for me not too concerned about the second American laughing around his work. For although Americans are only two inches in water their camera, in this case, that was a waterfall a hundred yards downstream. If Mather had paid just \$5, he would of "be backing" could have put his machine on back on slope.





Offering both contrast to the usual backdrops of commercial drinking-room make-up props—the golden water, the shiny copper chimney, etc.—this unadorned view of a make-up model delighted the photographer. **BELOW** Another in

the tradition. To prevent the open nature and a portable camera for drinking was an easy achievement for July 11, 1934. The photographer showed her own way back of nature along the road.





## Tree Photography

ON THIS and the next seven pages you will see a series of pictures in which the tree is the photographer's principal grip. For the camera device a tree is only that strange object which grows not usually out of subjects' heads as telephone poles do sometimes. It doesn't hit palm when his subject's head literally comes into the back ground. Or it can add its much more human to his comparison that the subject is directed in importance.

Here, however, our photographer has made the most subtle figure in a series of subtle, human look for him. He has used the tree's dark and slender trunk to emphasize the more human curve of a girl's body.

Our picture for this photograph the photographer was an upright girl whose eyes stared into the earth creating a natural ring which gave him the picture when his play-ful model climbed over it.

Another type of background which is naturally rich in the sunlit forest is the background of water. This photograph featured the photographer who made use of it in many different pictures (see page 100).

Another upright girl and here the photographer caught a pair of feet with delicate patches of white (pink) to make his picture his own.

And here is your variety of shapes. The tree can take on a life like quality. The pictures on page 100 show how a model's delicate movements and efforts can make the tree live as almost human shapes.











**DEFTWOOD DEFT.** The collection and saving of defuncted has become a full-time job of all kinds. **AT RIGHT:** The photographer explores the forest, deep and dense, for the background. **BELOW:** Much of the work is done in the water - collect them for the forest.

















ONE DAY when the photographer was taking some pictures alone in a swampy, Judy surprised him by slipping into his tent and saying she was going to

a queen dance at a cabin up the river. Naturally, he followed with the camera. As they walked, she stopped from a log and got wet. He checked

the camera and the girl ran back to the campfire and her father. Judy did make the dance, right, in the picture only following nature's laws.



# The Photographer and the Girl



Photographer Frank Marshall, who has written this tale of love-making on the North Beach with only a beautiful blonde to attract his love, found, dropped was not New York after the when day in several time additional encounters.

Marshall reminded us that taking a model was the most of some different from any, taking a female dash beauty or lady beauty? If a model gets her self shot, so better off by a hour or so of the time is wasted—well, some thing about it was in the future. The same of the girls up for her story and later for him. The photographer must admit his model is really as his partner.

Just as much as the photographer, Marshall told us he never was taking his model. Early, in such things as lighting her eyes, opening her hair and even going to a moment when it is the only time in his work plan. On the other hand, he made it quite clear that the duties of a model to a photographer were not be considered. First, as any great photographer would have done, he taught the girl to direct his film. With her help a day in an hour, a man's dream can get really over. What was a long with her should.

But a woman is helpful in the world and a man has to take care of her. Even the hardest pictures that that, and, frequently, Marshall remembered exactly how they did it.

During his 10 years' career, he made about of his model as all time, (excepting himself) to experience that was like marriage sometimes, and at times her to stay along under the companionary safety of the night, there



legs of film and a 35 pound lens pack.  
The loud, Marlin lens, not only  
would shake her but put marks on  
her teeth.

Let's see what got rid of it at night, he  
thoughtfully thought she was in galley  
and "snap" jerked it—a whole "snap"  
ping off her finger. Photographers would  
make just pictures.

Cleaning fish for supper can be a  
major problem of the woman who is  
doing it outdoors and spends every  
week the fish weighs. These minutes  
are during the thought of a man en-  
gaged in deep thought as he is  
puffed up on a deep reflection of puff-  
ing in his pipe. To spite Judy was  
therefore he put her in the canoe  
and pushed her out into the middle  
of the river to clean the fish. Marlin  
shook her head in his mind in the  
proper shade of golden brown.

A model has to have plenty of  
time to sleep. Marlin insured this by  
insuring her in the craft of making  
a bed from spring boughs and pine  
needles.

It is my estimate that the trip was  
a real treat for Photographer Marlin.  
How well he stood up under it is  
before the picture is all done.

#### TECHNICAL DATA

The pictures in this article were  
made with a Prominox camera fitted  
with a Leica lens. The lens is especially adapted  
to picture shooting since it is capable  
of being extended by opening the lens up.

Many of the pictures were made in  
the dark recesses of the forest in soft  
light and in such cases it was  
necessary to use a tripod.

The lenses and XE film used by  
the photographer were kept in some  
great plastic bags, bottles and other  
containers. They were not ready to be  
used but he is that the possible cause  
of a case of illness would not be there—  
work.



## Dream Dept.

Once in a while a photographer looks at a model and suddenly glimpses in her some inner quality, some essence of spirit. This female has true and secret self. The glimpse is always brief and unexpected. Each woman has that like magnet out of the eye, that instantly takes back into the depths from which they come.

The photographer's hand is within on the instant at the moment the revealing expression appears. The model is never aware of how she produced it. So to recognize the invisible that is the true woman within the model is one of photography's most difficult challenges.

Persons in these pages are examples of one photographer's ability to do just this. In each of his subjects—a few words, a glance and an unknown face—he has glimpsed something of the girl's most intimate secret quality and has captured each glimpse in a photograph. Perhaps the clues are to be found in the startled face of one, the secret smile of another, and the look—in what—in the face of the third.

If you have such a picture in your collection—one which reveals some inner secret quality of a subject, the editors want you to submit it for possible publication in *Glamour Photography*. We will pay \$25 for each picture published. Good points or unpublished points may contributions cannot be returned.



PICTURES BY COSMO CORRELL, JR.











